

True Leader

Canton Herald

CANTON HERALD
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ADS. candidates for office will be charged at \$10 per week, and must be paid for on letters must be paid, or not be attended to.

POETRY.

COME FAREWELL.
On the mountain's brow,
I'd me to survey
Hills all smiling now
The sun of May,
My world before me lay,
I must win a name;
To the onward way—
I sped thoughts of fame.
My fondly lingered back,
Amidst gathering tears,
Life's eventful track,
A few, but changing years,
Loves, and hopes, and fears,
Disappointment's shroud,
As when the sun appears
Through a cloud
The soil my steps that stay'd
In infancy—
See my bounding footsteps—
Ay'd
God's thoughtless glee;
Cared stores, has memory
With each field and spring;
To every rock and tree
Similar thing.

In childhood's day I heard,
No again shall hear—
A voice—or song of bird,
Or murmuring near—
That, with wondrous ear,
From hill to hill—
Tore many a noiseless year—
My fancy still.

The light of early love
My pathway shed—
Was light destined to prove,
That sister's grave is made,
Those love I lent—
On this devoted head
My malice spent?

Home! farewell once more!
Darkens on my mind:
The unknown world before,
Leave my home behind!
All I meet with friends so kind,
Who loved me well?
Where shall I find?

NIGHT.
It is night—'tis said—
In starry escort led,
Covered by the moon;

In azure's dark seren,
Mingled canopies—a scene
Lived in lunar noon!

The mariner! O thou
Even-told lustre decks the broun,
Dashed broun of night;
Of clusiter briliants! hail!

On eyes that never fail
See with delight!

If admiration turn
Orion's splendour's burn,
A wrought belt and sparkling
word,

Two extremes afford
Residency!

To thee the muse would tune
Of love—sweet Clair-de-Lune!
Love that light!

Pensive, pale, severe—
Night's spectre, as it were,
Through the shades of night,
A splendid—sadly bright—

Such skin to gloom!

Hope to share a cloister's shade!
As upon a tomb!

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No. 17.

Is bound an not the sun?—say—
An night the shadow death of day—
Death silent, calm, chill—
This moonlight pale—out a breath—
Drawn across the night of earth—
Pall—crown—cold and chill—

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

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the 11—, while in company, I have served several of the men going from one boat to the other, whipping, sometimes, some lug. One man in particular, a man who had been a boatswain's mate, but deserted and dogged, at that time, was flogged. We had reason to believe the captain thought he was not fit to lay on the lash as he ought to have done, was very active. In such his voice, I am almost certain, that heard repeat the word—"remember," but every thing was so conducted that I knew nothing of what was brewing. It was on the night for scrubbing and washing clothes, always done in the middle watch. I was between two of the guns abaft on the main deck, scrubbing a pair of duck trousers—I thought there was an unusual noise with the wash-deck buckets, and looking up, I saw several of the men apparently looking, throwing the buckets at one another. The captain sent out of the cabin word for the men to make less noise, but they took no notice of what was said; on the contrary, they made more noise than before, taking shot off the racks, and throwing them about the deck. At last the First Lieutenant came up, to enquire into the cause of the disturbance, when one of the men insulted him. He returned to his cabin, and brought up a sword, with which he went forward amongst the men, and endeavored to restore order. He was knocked down, ran through the body with his own sword, and thrown out of a port.

Seeing this horrid murder, I left my trousers unfinished, ran on deck, and aloft to the maintop. From this place I heard the shouts of the infuriated mutineers, and the groans of the dying; and every now and then the splash of some mangled victim committed to the waves. The men had broken open the gunner's store room, and possessed themselves of arms and ammunition. The captain hearing the uproar increase, opened the door and came out. He was no sooner seen than one of the men gave him a blow with a handspike, and he retreated to his cabin. Four or five of the men rushed in after him, armed with cutlasses, boarding pikes, and muskets fixed with bayonets. The captain endeavored to defend himself with a small sword, and for a time kept them at bay. So much did they dread him, that they shrunk back and were afraid to strike, when one of them—John Morris, called out, "What do you fear, men? spike the ——, and give them an example by running him through with bayonet." They all followed his example, each one seeming anxious to satiate his bloody vengeance. He was covered with a hundred wounds, and after cutting and hacking the body, and treating it with every possible contempt, they threw him out of the cabin windows. I was soon joined by two or three others of the peacefully disposed, who like me were horror struck at bloodshed going on below; and we did not quit our station until after the day broke. The main deck was covered with blood; it was the blood of our officers, many of whom were as good men as ever lived. I have often, since that time, stood upon a bloody deck, and thought little of it, for it was bloodshed in our country's cause and in our fight. As to the captain, if he had possessed a thousand lives, he deserved to have lost them; but blood-thirsty cruelty alone called for the murder of the rest. A boatswain's mate now took the command and called a council of war. Some were for cruising for prizes as a pirate; some wished to leave the West Indies and take the ship into a French port; but the greater number voted to run her into the first port they came to on the Spanish main, and give her up to the Spaniards. The latter plan was carried into effect, and the next day found us at anchor under the guns of a heavy battery.

Some time ago two Irishmen belonging to the Alton glass works, after partaking of a genuine toothful of the real Mackie, from the bottle of Mother M—n, were leisurely walking upon the grass lawn, where the following conversation took place:—
"Well John, be sure and waken me to-morrow mornin', and if I don't waken you can just pull me out of bed."—
"Remember?" The officer of the watch looked round him before he commenced reading the latter part of the service, but all the men near him appeared to be ignorant as to whom the sound came from as himself. A solemn "Amen" was pronounced, echoed by the same voice, which concluded this melancholy ceremony. I think it was the next day, (a man of war,

From the *Winnabow Republic*.

THE WINDY DAY.

WE published a week or two ago an extract from that letter which I

had written, and now as the present is

more wonderful protection. This is

the element that now figuratively

in the history of our literature, in the

course of our exchanges, and the

whole world—now follows short

news, in letters in the country, who

slept in six-bunks, and wrote in bar-

rels, who took up the pen as a ma-

nus' wand to supply their wants,

and when the price of paper

was relieved, resolved again to their

parents. You will find in all the

irregular, unbalanced state of per-

sonage, in the E. M. or among

the friends whose strong bonds

that is the case of it—most need to har-

ry him into wild irregularities of foolish

eccentricity, who abhors order, and

bear no restraint, and eschew all la-

bor and no ease. For instance, New

York Millions. What do you have

in regular, else they were no ge-

nious.

"The young man," it is often said,

has genius enough if he would only

study." Now the truth is, as I shall

take the liberty to state it, that genius

will study; that is in the mind which

does study; that is the very nature of

it. I care not to say that will always

use books. All study is not reading,

any more than all reading is study. By

study I mean—but let one of the no-

blest geniuses and hardest seditors of

the age define it for me: "Studium,"

says Cicero, "est animi assidua et ve-

hemens ad aliquam rem applicata maga-

nia cum voluntate occupatio, ut phi-

losophie poeticæ geometricæ literaturæ."

Such study, such intense mental action,

and nothing else, is genius. And so

far as there is any native predisposition

about this enviable character of

mind, it is a predisposition to that ac-

tion. That is the only test of the origi-

nal bias; and he who does not come

to that point, though he may have

shrewdness, and readiness, and parts,

he never had genius. No need to waste

regrets upon him, as without that he

never could be induced to give his at-

tention or study to anything; he never

had that which he is supposed to have

lost. For attention it is, though other

qualities belong to this transcendent

power—attention it is, that is the very

soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not

the pouring over a book, but the fixed

thought. It is, in fact, an action of

the mind which is steadily concentra-

ted upon one idea, or, upon one series

of ideas, which collects, in one point

the rays of the soul, till they search,

penetrate, and fire the whole train of

its thoughts. And while the fire burns

within, the outward man may indeed

be cold, indifferent, negligent,—absent

in appearance; he may be an idler, or a

wanderer, apparently without aim

or intent; but still the fire burns with

in. And what though it "burst forth"

at length as has been said, "like volca-

nic fires with spontaneous, original

native force?" It only shows the in-

temper action of the elements beneath.

What though it breaks like lightning

from the cloud? The electric fire had

been collecting in the firmament thro'

many a silent calm and clear day.

What though the might of genius ap-

pears in one decisive blow, struck in

some moment of high debate, or at the

credit of a nation's peril? That mighty

energy, though it may have heaved

in the breast of a Demosthenes, was

once a feeble infant's thought. A mo-

ther's eye watched over its dawning.

A father's care guided its early growth.

It soon trod with youthful

step the halls of learning, and found

other fathers to watch and to wake

for it, even as it finds them here. It

went on; but silence was upon its path

and the deep struggling of the inward

soul marked its progress, and the che-

rfishing powers of nature silently min-

istered to it. The elements around

breathed upon it, and "touched it to

finer issues." The golden ray of heat

lent upon it, and ripened its expand-

ing faculties. The slow revolution

of years slowly added to its collected

treasures and energies; till in its hour